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Red Writer Huffs, Puffs, Blows Phil's Cover

NEWS feature writer Phil Santora has been "exposed" by an East German author as a member of the Central Intelligence Agency. The story and Phil's confession follow.

BERLIN, June 12 (UPI)—What do President Johnson, Prof. Arthur Schlesinger, Ambassador Arthur Goldberg, George Meany, president of the American Federation of Labor, and Philip J. Santora, New York DAILY NEWS reporter, all have in common?

What is their real occupation? What sensational secret is hidden behind their "cover"?

The answer is given by Dr. Julius Mader, 40-year-old East German writer, in his book "Who's Who in the CIA."

Right, you've guessed it. Along with 2,495 other Americans, Johnson, Schlesinger, Goldberg, Meany and Santora are spies, agents of the Central Intelligence Agency, says Mader.

His book is being published in East Germany, first in German and later in an English edition.

Mader says, "Never in the history of the U.S.A. has the influence of the espionage system been as great as today on domestic and foreign policy as well as on military strategy and tactics."

He lists 2,500 Americans he says work for the CIA in the United States and 120 foreign nations.

He says Johnson became an agent when he was a senator, long before he got in the White House.

An American 'Who's Who'

For the most part the list reads as if it had been taken from Who's Who, and American officials think Mader might have done just that in an effort to get names to back up his charge that the CIA has infiltrated all of American life.

Included in the list are Secretary of State Dean Rusk, World Bank president Robert S. McNamara, Defense Secretary Clark Clifford and Cyrus Vance, American negotiator at the Vietnam talks in Paris.

Others are Bill Moyers, President Johnson's former press secretary and now publisher of Newsday; Dr. Peter Selz, curator of the Museum of Modern Art in New York; Leroy Anderson, the composer; Francis H. Russell, ambassador to Tunisia; and Daniel Lerner, sociology professor at Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

And of course there is former presidential aide McGeorge Bundy, now head of the Ford Foundation.

American officials dismissed the book as nonsense.

Continued

By PHIL SANTORA

NOW THAT Dr. Julius Mader has blown my cover, I may as well break down and admit that indeed for several years I have been—along with such close associates as President Johnson, Ambassador Goldberg, Robert McNamara, Cyrus Vance and others—a member of the C.I.A. (Congress of Indolent Amphibians).

Before I blab all I know I'd like to say that LBJ, Art, Bob and Cy are a darned good group—fellows who not only do their job well but who are congenial and outgoing on those fairly infrequent occasions when the gang gets together in the back room at Nedick's to lift a few brews.

It would be impossible to detail all of my assignments, so I'll just list a few of the more salient:

In June of 1966, under the cover of Legs Emerald, I went to Britain to look into the length of micro-mini skirts.

Actually, this should have been a two-man job but LBJ was busy at the time and couldn't go. In my report to headquarters, I noted that skirts were rising rapidly toward the plimsol line, that this was causing a great deal of twitching among Britons but that the optometrists were getting rich.

Among the exhibits I sent back by secret courier by way of Tangier, Cos Cob, Conn., and the BMT, were two skirts, a pair of panty hose and a pair of foggy spectacles.

My Chicken Assignment

In September of the same year, I was assigned to Hong Kong to try to uncover a scandal in the chicken chow mein business. Our tipsters had told us that the chow mein was not only not authentic—being canned stuff from the U.S.—but the chicken used was of Soviet origin.

I immediately ordered the execution of the chicken smuggler, one Igor Pastafazool, in whose yard we found buried 34,598 wishbones.

Not all of my assignments were successful, however. Despite herculean efforts to get to the bottom of a rumor that the Pygmies of Africa were being given massive doses of a new vitamin to transform them into six-foot Masai, we could find no basis for the accusations.

Only last year, nonetheless, we did find that the prima ballerina of the Bolshoi Ballet had a 40-pound transmitter hidden in her tutu and was sending coded messages to a Russian tea room in mid-Manhattan.

Sorry to blow the whistle, LBJ and Art and Bob and the rest of you guys. But I couldn't take the pressure.



NEWS photo by John Ducrey
Grilling breaks Santora down. His confession is at right.